

Handbook of the Tariff.
The understanding of the complicated provisions of the new tariff has been greatly simplified by the issuance of this manual. To digest the tariff law is no easy task, but to digest the food taken into the gastric receptacle is rendered easy by the use of that thorough stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It prevents and cures malarial, kidney and rheumatic trouble, remedies nervousness and insomnia, and removes constipation and biliousness. Appetite, as well as the ability to satisfy it, without subsequent abdominal disturbance, restored by this stomachic, which accelerates convalescence. Persons in the decline of life, and the infirm of every age and sex, find it of material assistance.

How He Fed Them.
Knew his business.
Old Farmer—That's a fine lot of pigs over there. What do you feed them?
Amateur—Why, corn of course.
Old Farmer—In the ear?
Amateur—Certainly not; in the mouth.

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The famous Appliance and Remedies of the Erie Medical Co. now for the first time offered on trial without expense to any honest man. Not a dollar to be paid in advance. Cure Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Manhood Fully Restored. How to Balance and Strengthen Weak, Undeveloped Portions of Body. Absolutely Unfailing Home Treatment. No Dr. or other expense. A plain offer by a firm of high standing. **ERIE MEDICAL CO., 54 NAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

How He Became Poor.
Mrs. Skinfint—Here is a ha'penny for you, my man; and pray tell how you came to be so miserably poor?
Mendicant—Ah, muni! I was like you too fond of giving large sums of money to the poor!

Geo. B. Secord, the well known contractor of Towanda, N. Y., says: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for a long time and have found it superior to any other." For sale by A. C. Ireland.

In Several Languages.
"What is needed now," said the new woman, "is the higher education of man."
Her auditor looked puzzled.
"Of what value is it to a woman?" she continued. "To speak three or four languages if her husband understands only one?"
Then there was tumultuous applause.

I have been afflicted with rheumatism for fourteen years and nothing seemed to give any relief. I was able to be around all the time but constantly suffering. I had tried everything I could hear of and at last was told to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which I did, and was immediately relieved and in a short time cured. I am happy to say that it has not since returned.—JOSH. EDGAR, Germantown, Cal. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

They Scatter.
So many people talk at random that half of what is said never makes a hit.

"Holy Smoke."
"Is that the rector there puffing at a cigar?"
"Yes."
"Holy smoke."

Rev. E. Edwards, pastor of the English Baptist Church at Minersville, Pa., when suffering with rheumatism, was advised to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says: "A few applications of this liniment proved of great service to me. It subdued the inflammation and relieved the pain. Should any sufferer profit by giving Pain Balm a trial it will please me." For sale by A. C. Ireland.

A Base Insinuation.
Brown—Tom Jackson says he is greatly troubled with cold feet.
Smith (surprised)—Tom Jackson? Why I always thought he was a bachelor.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.
The remedy is intended specially for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough and influenza. It has become famous for its cures of these diseases, over a large part of the civilized world. The most flattering testimonials have been received, giving accounts of its good works; of the aggravating and persistent coughs it has cured; of severe colds that have yielded promptly to its soothing effects, of the dangerous attacks of croup it has cured, often saving the life of the child. The extensive use of it for whooping cough has shown that it cures that disease of all dangerous consequences. It is especially prized by mothers for children as it never fails to effect a speedy cure, and because they have found that there is not the least danger in giving it, even to babies, as it contains nothing injurious. Sold by A. C. Ireland.

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NECK OR NOTHING.

A STORY OF ANTE BELLUM DAYS.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(Continuation)
"Only two more of us, auntie. Young Mrs. Adrien Strong and her little boy. I promise you we will all be as good as gold if you don't turn us out into the storm again."
And into this area of speechless surprise Seth surged at that moment, his crimsoned face and hatless head enwrapped by the flying fists and grating heels of the young fiend, whose disgust for these nocturnal proceedings was boundless and outspoken.

CHAPTER XIV.
"And you?"
The professor's daughter suddenly passed from recitative, slightly tinged with apology, to a challenging tone, which made Strong Martin's heart thump heavily against his ribs.
Overarching Seth by an assumption of reckless indifference was one thing. Seth was slow and receptive. Satisfying Mamie Colyer in the matter of his own dubious inertia quite another. Mamie was both fiery and exacting.
His cheeks flamed hotly, but his lips refused to frame the inadequate apologies which he knew would bring that laughing scorn into her bright eyes which had once been the terror of the whole college crew. His sullen silence irritated her. She had been alone with him now for nearly two hours. Viney's crabbed hospitality had culminated in preparing the one bedroom of Neck or Nothing for the white faced, peevish young mother and her tempestuous offspring.

Annabel and the boy were sleeping, intertwined so closely in each other's arms that their pretty slumber flushed cheeks touched, blending their soft roundness into one curving profile.
Seth had long ago climbed the cliff and gone home, promising to "fetch sissy over first thing in the morning."
He had been an open mouthed sharer with Strong in Miss Colyer's explanation of her errand. The recital had been, to his simple, direct nature a revelation of astounding iniquity. Strong received it with contemptuous credulity. To him nothing that went to prove the darling of Sans Souci a fraud was difficult of acceptance.

In her own graphic style Mamie had told them of Adrien's marriage during his college term to a daughter of the woman from whom he rented a room.
"Good people. Just as good as gold. Annabel is a fool about him. Most women are fools about somebody, I suppose. The silliest part of the whole performance was their giving their consent to keep this marriage a secret until Adrien took the helm at home. I fancy he underrated his grandfather's constitution. Bah! But that poor little simpleton," nodding vigorously toward the sleeping apartment, "cared for nothing in life so long as Adrien Strong came to see her tolerably regularly and was decent to her and the boy. Now, however, that this rumpus has separated them things have come to an awful pass, and I just forced Annabel to assert herself and claim her rights."
"You know she only has her mother's business for a support, and now the bonnet business don't amount to much. Her brother, little Fred Welch, is in the army. Only 16 years old. Think of it! Father is in it, too, fighting in Virginia." This with a proud uplifting of her head. "Dear me, I hope he isn't faring any worse than we are at home—no flour, no coffee, no sugar, lots of patriotism, sweetened with glorious anarchy. Dry diet, though. And, as I tell Annabel, when she has got to a pass when she can't even keep her boy properly clothed, it is time she was putting him where he belonged, in the affections of his grandmother and his great-grandfather. I am going to leave them in that grand house we passed this afternoon. I really did not have the courage to stop with Annabel looking so froozy and the boy acting like a young Comanche."

She summarized the situation crisply with practical acceptance of the inevitable.
"Of course we must expect a scene, but I prefer daylight for a pitched battle always."
It was then that Seth suggested Liza. Liza was the saving clause in the Martin family. No affair involving tact or sensibility could be carried to an effective climax without her supervision.
Both of the men regarded the resolute face of Annabel's little champion anxiously. She looked supremely self-reliant and adequate, but would she prove adequate to "the madam?"
"I think I'll fetch our Liza. She's got a headpiece worth havin', and if there is anybody on this green football that can stand up to the madam when she mounts her high horse it is our girl Liza."

"In union there is strength. Fetch our Liza, by all means." Mamie had said, with tragic eagerness, and Seth had gone away, promising faithfully to be back promptly in the morning with that potent damsel.
It was with a sense of infinite gratitude to destiny, which so rarely played him a kind trick, that Strong had mended the fire, surreptitiously blown the dust off the wooden mantelpiece with one blast from his powerful lungs and essayed a general betterment of his shabby sitting room while Mamie "took a peep" at her sleeping charges in the still shabby bedroom.
What a benediction the world had magically undergone for him! Even the dismal pattering of the rain on the grassless dooryard had suddenly grown musical. The monotonous thud of the loudest branches against the closed window shutters had lost their power to irritate. The sparks danced upward in the black throated chimney with fascinating scintillations. Neck or Nothing had been glorified by the unexpected coming of a girl.

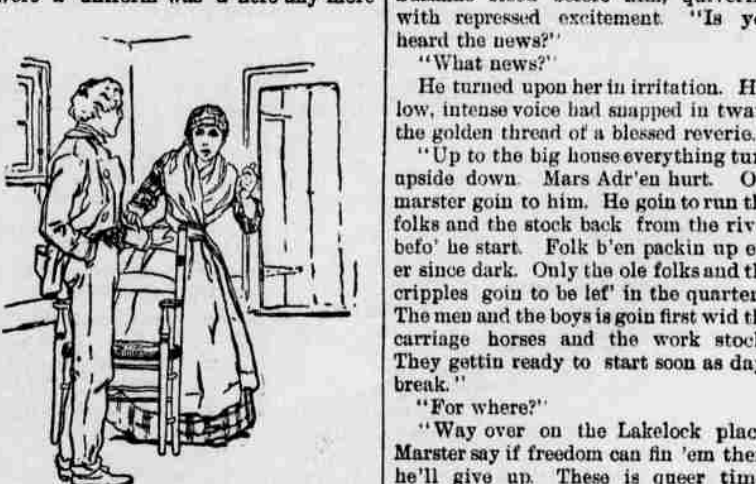
He soared in temporary superiority to all that was raging and incongruous in his daily life. The silver lining to his cloud was beginning to show. His staid possibilities began to float in daisies.

zing multiplicity before his eyes. From this precarious exaltation of spirit he was suddenly hurled by that challenging question, "And you?"
She looked at him with cool inflexibility, settled herself so far back in the big splint bottomed rocking chair that only the small pointed toes of her well worn boots touched the smitten bricks of the hearth, folded her plump hands with the air of one prepared to listen long and attentively and said, "Well!" in a coaxing, encouraging tone.
But it is not easy to relax shame locked lips. She beat an impatient tattoo with one boot.
"I have told you all about myself, Strong, all about darling old daddy, fighting like a hot headed boy, and he 63 years old, all about the closed college, every professor in the army, all about Annabel's troubles, and now I think I am entitled to some return confidences."
"I have nothing to tell you."
"Nothing to tell?"
"Nothing."
"Nothing to tell in these stormy times, when just to be a man is an extra privilege?"
"Nothing."
"What have you been doing since you carried off the first honors at college?"
"Nothing."
"What are you going to do?"
"Nothing."
"Well!"
A volume in four letters. He did not look at her. He knew just how full of scorn her bright, clear eyes were just then. He would have found it a pleasant relief at that moment to have marched up to the mouth of a loaded cannon. A second later he was grinding his teeth in impotent rage. His short hour of bliss was culminating in gloom and bitterness.
With a slight forward motion she had set the heavy rocker in motion, and looking at him with concentrated interest said demurely:
"You might take out a contract to supply the army with turnips. There is no risk in that."
He grew white to the very edge of his lips. She turned her bright, dry eyes from his tortured face to say in low tone confidence to the backlog:
"And we need men so much right now."
"Mamie!"
It was the cry of a wounded animal. He looked at her across the broken brick hearth, with all the agony of his soul stamped on his face. The hot light in her eyes was quenched in sudden tears. She flung out her hands with a passionate gesture.
"How could you disappoint me so? You promised me you would do great things for my sake, because I believed in you straight through. Your opportunity, such a golden one, has come. What are you doing with it? Rusting out, just rusting out, in ignoble ease, in disgraceful idleness. I never thought to have found you here. Of course I supposed you were fighting, but you loved your case better than you did my good opinion."
"Easel! Good God!"
"Yes, ease, Strong Martin. Father, my darling, delicate man of books, is sleeping this moment, if he ever does sleep these awful days, on a pile of straw, I suppose, with snakes and things crawling all over his blessed body. Perhaps he tramped all day long on an empty stomach too. They say our soldiers are all half starved to death. But what do you care? And his shoes—father's, I mean. He made a picture of them in his last letter, for 'my diversion,' he wrote. It threw me into hysterics. The letter was written on wall paper too. But I'd rather, yes, ten thousand times rather, have him tramp all over the state of Virginia without any shoes at all on his feet than to stay at home and have the finger of scorn pointed at him. Bless his dear old heart! I made him two shirts out of the parlor curtains last week and sent them to him with some socks I knitted for him. I do hope they will fit him—the shirt, I mean, but they did look dreadfully corkerewy, and perhaps, oh, perhaps, he'll get shot in one of those very shirts. But I don't care, I don't care, he's doing a man's part, while you—"
A hot rush of tears rendered her next words unintelligible. Strong sprang from his chair and began the circuit of the room like a hunted thing seeking a point of egress.
"I am not worth one single tear from a good woman's eyes," he said, stopping in front of her and speaking in a stifled voice.
From behind Miss Colyer's damp handkerchief assent came with cruel promptness.
"I know you are not. Of course you are not. But I told you a woman had to make a fool of herself about somebody."
"I will enlist tomorrow."
"What for?"
She emerged into view suddenly, with recovered composure.
"Because you want me to."
"That is an excellent motive. Strange it did not move you to enlist earlier in the war."
"I don't think I am a coward. Perhaps I deceive myself, but I am not in sympathy with this thing. I think it is an accursed mistake from beginning to end."
"You are a Union man?" She looked at him in horror, recalling as from some visible reptile.
"I am. I repeat, the whole thing is an infernal mistake, according to my way of thinking. After awhile there will be more men to hold my views. You may not, but I am determined."

they are dashing themselves to pieces on a rock hidden from sight by the high tide of frenzied emotion. They are fighting like heroes, but hopelessly, for an idea. A starved child wrestling with a well fed giant.
"But all this has no bearing on my personal attitude. This is the slave owner's fight. I am nothing but the son of a slave driver. I had hoped to shed some luster on a name that had been dimmed by centuries of low service, but not by donning a gay uniform and slashing my way into fame as a warrior. All my soul went out in direction of the learned professions."
"Perhaps the idea of a Martin dispensing justice from the judge's bench allured me with its novelty. The Martins had been groveling so long. Justice, the administration of even handed justice, is alluring to the fancy of one who has suffered keenly from injustice."
"I know, I know. Don't let us open that wound."
She nodded her head quickly.
"I was willing to forego every indulgence, almost every necessity, for the means of purchasing books. I was going to be a great lawyer. Nothing short of the topmost round on the legal ladder was to have satisfied my ambition. I had no help, but I did not mind that. Destiny's spiteful mood lasts long. I am still at the foot of the ladder."
A low, dull reverberating sound penetrated the cabin walls.
"Listen! That is the cannon at Vicksburg. How many men within its beleaguered walls will bite the dust before its stubborn resistance is broken by sheer force of numbers? How many widows and orphans are manufactured every time that almost unheeded noise breaks on our ears? Do you suppose every man fighting behind those ramparts went into this thing from a calm conviction of the righteousness of the cause? How many went into it under stress of physical excitement? How many were stung into it by fear of public opinion?"
"I have learned tonight how potent a factor the fear of scorn may become. I had no public until you came. No one's scorn mattered a rush. I was content to let them fight it out among themselves. I did not believe that every man who wore a uniform was a hero any more

than I believed that every man who did not was a coward. But I have come to look at things differently. Where's the use trying to steer against the current when it is so much easier to drift with it?"
"I have stood under pretty hot fire tonight, Mamie. Your guns were heavily shotted, and before you came I had been trying to convince my brother that this was no concern of ours."
"I have been trying to convince myself that I was not needed on either side—I, such a miserable failure, already forgotten by the world. I could not fight for slavery. I did not want to fight against the men who owned slaves. But you have said things tonight that have made me long to court a bullet hole or saber thrust as a pleasant relief."
"I may not be worthy to stand side by side with the professor, my dear, but at least I shall no longer skulk in the chimney corner. My duty in this matter has not been quite clear, my path not well defined. You will have the credit of having armed two combatants—your father and your lover."
All the scorn was gone out of her face, leaving it white and sad. She lifted startled eyes to him, where he stood close to her chair. Stern resolution was written in every line of his worn face.
"I don't think I quite understand you, Strong."
"No?"
"Do you mean to say that you are going to do something that your conscience does not approve of simply because you think I want you to do it?"
Evidently she did not understand him. He would not enlighten her. Poor little one, he would not by one feather's weight add to her sorrows or her anxieties. He smiled wistfully down into her upturned face and answered evasively:
"Conscience generally does get worsted in a hand to hand combat with love, don't you think? I simply mean that I am going to do battle for my principles. I am going out to take my chances of being shot at along with countless better men, perhaps a few worse ones."

She leaned back wearily in her big chair and closed her eyes. Tears were crowding hot and fast under their lids.
"I don't know what to say or what to unsay. It seems so wicked for you to keep all your strength and health and vigorous young manhood shut away from the world in this way—but, Strong, Strong!"
She stood up swiftly and stretched both hands toward him with the look of a terrified child in her eye.
"Mamie! My dear! What is it?"
"If anything should happen to you—I would respect me—dear."
"If anything should happen to you—I would be your murderer. And the world—oh, Strong, the world would be so horribly empty."
He held her in his arms a moment, just long enough to press his lips reverently upon her shining hair. They were small, then, he stood back, holding her small trembling hands in a tight clasp.
"I had not meant to say anything to you until I could look you and the professor squarely in the face. Everything in the future is veiled by a black cloud of uncertainty. We will bide our time, my sweet, and I will grow strong, knowing that you believe in me."
She away, closed her eyes, clung to him for a brief second of childlike abandonment, and then asserted her customary self possession with a pathetic little smile.
"I have grown so absurdly weak all of a sudden. It must be because I am so tired. We won't talk any more tonight. Good night, Strong." Then, as if in opposition to the pleading in his



"Is you heard the news?"
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